
Title: History of Malas, vol 2

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Part I(cont'd): The Revival

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Reality

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"Malas?" Greyn scanned the horizon. The sun made quick mirages flash and fade over the hot sands, but other than his brother, the two strangers and their horses, no sign of life could be seen. "I've never heard of such a place." Fallah avoided meeting eyes with Greyn. "You wouldn't have." She stared at her feet. Grevel cleared his throat and looked at the boys with sadness in his eyes. "Lads, there's something I must tell you of this place and it is not going to be easy to hear. You're both very lucky to be alive after traveling through the whirlpool." "How did you know about the whirlpool?" Mordin asked. "We saw no other ships nearby and we were so far out at sea that..." "Everyone in Malas knows of the whirlpool," Grevel interrupted. "It sends people here. That's why we call this lake the Gatewater, everyone caught in the whirlpool arrives on these shores." Grevel paused. "For decades now people have searched for a way to

return to Britannia but  
no one has found one. I'm  
afraid you boys are  
trapped here."

Mordin's eyes widened and  
he hopped backwards  
beside Greyn. "You mean  
we're prisoners?!"

"No, son, no. You're in no  
danger from the people  
here. You're cast-a-ways,  
not prisoners." Grevel held  
a jug of water out to  
Mordin who slowly took it  
from him and then  
slurped down the

contents. "Fallah and I  
were brought here 10  
years ago. Some have  
been here only a few  
years, others have been  
here for more than 20.

We have a village a  
short ride from here."

Greyn walked back  
towards the edge of the  
water. "But it was just  
a storm at sea! A large  
one to be sure, but how  
could it have brought us  
so far that we could not  
sail home again...wait, did  
you say lake?"

"We have no seas here,"  
Fallah said softly.

Grevel clasped one of his  
hands on each of the  
boys' shoulders. "We have  
a great deal to tell you  
and show you, and we can  
get you both some clean  
clothes and a hot meal. I  
know this is quite a bit  
to take in for you, but  
we should start heading  
back, the desert gets  
rather cold at night."

Greyn nodded. "Your  
generosity honors us,  
Grevel." He shook hands  
with his rescuer. "My  
name is Greyn

Grimmswind, and this is  
my brother, Mordin."

Both Fallah and Grevel  
froze and their faces  
went blank.

"Grimmswind, you say?"

Grevel paused and sadly  
looked at Greyn. "As in,  
Brevinor Grimmswind?"  
Mordin spun around. "You  
know father! He's here!"  
Mordin grabbed Greyn by  
the shoulders. "I told you,  
Greyn! You wanted to  
give up, but I told you  
we would find him!"  
"He was here, lad. I hate  
to bear terrible news  
twice in one day  
but...he's gone now."  
"But you said there was  
no way to leave this  
place!" Mordin said.  
"Son, your father,  
Brevinor, he was killed 4  
months ago. I wish I could  
tell you otherwise. We  
think a crystal elemental  
got to him on his way  
back from one of his  
cartography outings. When  
we found him he was far  
beyond our help. Your  
father was very  
important to our village;  
he did a great deal for  
us in the time he was  
here. We would have done  
anything to bring him  
back, and we know he  
would have done anything  
to see you lads again. He  
never lost hope that he  
would find a way home  
again to see you both."  
Tears streaked down  
Mordin's face as he  
buried his head in his  
hands and sunk to his  
knees.

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The four rode slowly back  
to the village, with  
Mordin riding in front of  
Grevel on one horse and  
Greyn behind Fallah on  
the other. As they  
traveled further north,  
the desert gave way to  
fields of grass and  
flowers.  
"It sounds like father has  
done his usual bragging

for his sons," Greyn smiled. "As much as he could go on about us I'm surprised he didn't have paintings of us made up so everyone would know what we looked like before we arrived."

"He couldn't have been more proud of you both," Grevel said. "You were going to be Britannia's greatest Knight and Mordin here was going to turn the world on its ear with his magic--the man was sure of it! By the way, we have a decent blacksmith here; Greyn, you could probably get a good sword from him. There's also a cache of magic supplies we found on shore a few years ago that I'm sure no one would mind Mordin having."

Mordin's face remained blank as his head loosely bobbed with the walking of the horse. "Perhaps."

"One thing still confuses me," Greyn said. "Fallah, you said there are no seas here? Is Malas surrounded by mountains?"

Fallah's large brown eyes looked towards her father for help. He grinned and looked forward again. Fallah leaned back slightly and whispered to Greyn, "You're about to find out."

As the horses came over a slight hill, Greyn's eyes grew to the size of plates. "By the light of the virtues!" He kicked the horse into a gallop as Fallah yelped with surprise and laughed. In the distance, he could see the small village Fallah and Grevel spoke of, resting on the edge of a cliff, but beyond the cliff he saw nothing. Leaning over Fallah, Greyn rode

the horse harder and harder, right through the middle of the village, before pulling on the reins once they were near the edge of the cliff and leaping off. He ran the rest of the way and skidded to a halt on his hands and knees, looking over the edge. It looked as if all of Malas floated above the night sky. "By the virtues--by the virtues, it's a sea of stars! Mordin come quickly, it's a sea of stars!"

Greyn felt a hand on his shoulder and looked up to see Fallah smiling at him.

"Perhaps we do have a sea here, depending on how you look at it." She blushed slightly and turned to watch her father and Mordin approaching.

"I'll let the village know you lads are here," Grevel said. "People will hardly believe me when I tell them Brevinor's boys have arrived."

Mordin walked slowly to Greyn's side and stood beside him, gazing into the void of stars.

"Greyn?"

"Yes Mordin?"

"Grevel said father made many maps of this place, didn't he?"

"Yes, he did. He said we could have them."

Mordin stared for ages into the emptiness, contemplating what he had been through this day and thinking of his father.

"Greyn?"

"Yes?"

"Let's explore this place."

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In the blackest part of the darkness, the minds of shadows joined

together to create one  
harmonious thought- Use  
them, and it all begins  
again!

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#Artistic Picture of a  
Smiling Skull#

